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Poetry.

From the Dollar Newspaper.
John Hancock, the Boston Merchant.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

First of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was the noble John Hancock, his fine, bold signature constituting the best index of his fearlessness and settled purpose.

The Boston merchant! On the scroll Which Freedom holds, with sparkling eyes, The foremost of the Spartan roll, Which has no trace with monarchies, How cheering yet to trace the sign Which makes that bold subscription thine!

Those very characters have fire, Heroic outline in their sweep; As flashes from the electric wire, Did from the pen these letters leap, While swinging o'er thee in the breeze, Shown more than sword of Danocles,

Like skeleton at Gothic feast, Loomed up the rebel's halberd grim, But golden streakings in the East, Made every fear-born image dim, And in that name, with spirit warm, Thy purpose clothed itself with form.

As when, his leathern girdle braced, The Baptist stern his message broke, The cipher which his lips encased, Was index of the words he spoke, So the rough granite of thy hand Betokened an unyielding stand.

Hancock! with ventures of the mart, The ship-stores' hazard on the main, Thou wert familiar; but thy heart Here nerves itself for risk again; Fame, fortune, life—investment broad For freedom and for Freedom's God!

Blackened the port of Boston! Close, With iron hand, the ocean trade! The bark of Truth from harbor goes, Her sails all set, her anchor weighed, And rich the freight exported then For all the waiting sons of men.

Of Freedom's apostolic band, To Peter's spirit thou wert wed; The bold inscription of thy hand King George, without his glasses, read, And while but dust thy honored brow, With beating hearts we trace it now.

Hancock is said to have observed, with much facetiousness, immediately after affixing his name to the Magna Charta of our rights, "There, now, the King can read that without his spectacles."

Select Tale.

ELSIE RAYMOND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Wait a moment, grandma, I just want to run out, and say good-bye to Daisy;" and the sweet face, set in a frame work of bridal-hat flowers, looked a moment through the open door, and then vanished, before the lady, in her quaker satin and white muslin cap, could reply.

"What, isn't Elsie here?" The questioner was a young, and noble looking man, and there was something peculiarly attractive in the smiling of his dark expressive eyes, as they swept the room with a single glance, and then lighted on the old lady.

"She's just run out, Alden, to bid Daisy good-bye. You know it wouldn't do to go off without seeing her old nurse, anyhow. Everything's packed, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the carriage is waiting;" and as the young man spoke, a tide of gleeful laughter rolled up to their ears from the company below stairs. The old lady did not mind it. She came close to the newly made husband, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Alden," she said, very earnestly, "now the hour has come for our parting, I can think of many things I want to say to you, and I ought to have done this before. But it's too late now. Oh, Alden, you will be very tender of my darling, won't you? You will never forget how she has been watched, and cared for, (it may be too much), and how she has never known a harsh word in the home whence you are taking her?"

The old lady's voice was pleading, almost to sadness, and her eyes were full of tears; but dimmed as they were, she saw the look of beautiful tenderness that flashed into the young man's expressive features.

"Do not fear to trust me, Mrs. Williams," he said, solemnly taking both her hands in his. "Her happiness shall be the one great aim of my life. The love that has watched over, the tenderness that has guarded her girlhood from the very shadow of evil, shall be increased a hundred fold in the home to which I take her;" and had you heard those eloquent tones, and seen the look which accompanied them, you would have predicted a joyous wedded life for Elsie Raymond.

"I do believe you, Alden, my boy," answered the old lady, fervently. "But sometimes you may find Elsie a little impatient, or self-willed. I don't like to say it, for her heart's always in the right place, only you know how quick and impulsive she is, and she don't bear contradiction, for I suppose she's a spoiled child."

"Who's a spoiled child?" asked a voice so sweet it would have thrilled your heart like a sudden outbreak of harp-music, and the graceful figure of the girl-bride sprang into the room.

Rubens ought to have seen her at that moment. With her blue, sparkling eyes, the half bluish gathering into her soft cheeks, and the arch smile breaking over her lips, as morning sunshine breaks into the heart of mountain roses, she was just the vision of outward, joyous earth-loveliness that his soul would have delighted in.

Her white hat with its loopings of lace and ribbon, and her rich travelling dress, harmonized with the rare, English creaminess of her complexion, and altogether she looked to the loving eyes that now rested on her, so bright, and sparkling and happy, that they forgot everything but her beauty.

"Grandma's been saying bad things about me," said the bride, with a pretty pout, that any young husband would have thought worth a dozen kisses. "Now, Alden, don't you let her frighten you one bit, for I'm going to be just the most loving, obedient little wife in the world, and never do a thing you say I mustn't, as long as I live."

"I shan't say 'mustn't' very often, darling," answered the young husband, stroking the curls that fell out of the little hat. "But come, Elsie, we shan't be in time for the cars. Say good-bye to your grandmother, quick."

"I'll be a good girl, indeed I will," whispered the trembling lips, as they drew up to the grandmother's; and the smiling face was dim with tears.

"God bless you, Elsie, my child!" And her husband hurried her away.

Elsie Raymond's future must tell the story of her past. Both her parents lay under the spring grass before she learned to know them, and so she went to her grandmother's heart and home. There, only sunshine lay over her life.

The tender, indulgent grandmother forgot there must come an hour when the clouds would rise, and the great life storms descend upon the flower that grew up in such beauty at her hearthstone.

Elsie had one of those fine, rich impulsive natures, that especially require judicious training. This she had never received from her grandmother, and the under-current of self-will and pride in her nature had gained depth and force, which, in her early girlhood, only revealed themselves in her impatience of mild reproach, or contradiction.

But usually she was so loving, so gentle, so transparent—and as I said, her future must tell her past.

Two years had gone swiftly, happily by. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond sat at their breakfast table that morning. The room with its appliances of taste and luxury, was one of those rare home-gems, that only an artist can appreciate.

But the little wife, behind the silver coffee urn, in her fawn colored morning gown, with its tassels of blue silk, was, after all, the crowning beauty of the sweet home-scene.

"Alden," said Mrs. Raymond, as she passed his second cup of coffee, "won't you just put down that paper, and listen to me a moment. You know that party you promised me, almost a year ago—Well I've decided to have it next week. It's just the season for it now, and we'll make a grand effort to have it pass off well."

If Mrs. Raymond had at that moment looked narrowly at her husband's face, she would have seen it grow pale at the mention of the party.

"I'm sorry, Elsie," he commenced, moving restlessly on his chair.

"Now don't, interrupted the little wife quickly, 'don't, Alden, say one word against the party, for I've quite set my heart on having it. I told the Campbells, and the Wildmans about it, more than two weeks ago, so I should die with shame to postpone it."

"You shouldn't have mentioned it to them, without consulting me first," Mr. Raymond's tones were cold and severe for the first time, but his wife would have forgotten them, had she guessed the anguish that lay at his heart.

As it was her face flushed with anger. "Really," she answered, "I was not, until this morning, aware I was responsible to you, Mr. Raymond, for the subjects I might choose to select for conversation with my acquaintances. Once for all, what is the reason you refuse me this party?"

"I do not refuse it, Elsie, I only ask you to delay it."

"And I must and will have it next week, or never. I cannot see why you wish me to postpone it, unless it is because you know the delay will greatly annoy me."

The young man's pale face flushed with the pain her words had occasioned him. "Elsie," and his voice was quieter, and sterner than before, "you cannot move me by these accusations, because you know as well as do I, there is no truth in them. I have some heavy payments to meet this week, and that alone was the reason of my requesting you to defer this matter. All I have to say is, you will be quite as likely to accomplish your wishes by presenting them in a less dictatorial manner."

It was very unfortunate for Mr. Raymond that he added to his explanation that last remark; for now that he had assigned a motive for the delay, his wife's heart had begun to soften toward him, but that last speech hardened it again.

"I don't believe a word of what you're saying, Alden Raymond," she answered, pushing back her chair, and bursting into a flood of passionate tears. "If the money had made any difference, you'd have told me before this late day; and it's only because you want to mortify me now before the world, that you're so stung this morning. I wish I was back again in my old home, with grandma, and dear old Daisy, who would never have spoken to me the harsh, cruel words that you have just done. I wish I was back there again, and that I had never left it for, and that I had never seen you, Alden Raymond!"

And springing from her seat, the lady burst out of the room, and her husband made no effort to detain her. He only leaned his head on his hand, and groaned deeply. It was the last drop in his cup of bitterness.

An hour later the young merchant was walking up and down his counting room, with restless step, and haggard face.

There had come a sudden revolution in the mercantile world, and his house was one of the first to feel it. "There is no chance to sail clear of this, that I see," murmured the young man, as he struck his forehead. "A few weeks, and we must all sink. I shall be a ruined man, and Elsie—his face worked fearfully a moment, and then he resumed, "There is no way to raise the money, unless—"

He stared anxiously all about him, as though he feared the terrible secret which lay behind that "unless" might have revealed itself, though it had never crossed his lips; and for the first time in his life, his face wore a look of cowardice and guilt.

"Yes; I could get it so," he said, leaning his head on his hands; "and if our affairs should happen to take a favorable turn, I could repay the note before anybody was the wiser; if not, and his voice grew hoarse, 'the river or a pistol shot could settle it all.'"

"Elsie's little property's all swallowed up, too. God knows I meant to secure it to her, but there was no help for it, and were she to know this she'd hate me worse than ever, and maybe I can win back one of the old love-smiles to her lips if—"

He did not finish the sentence.

"Elsie, you can give out the invitations for your party next week. There is the money which will defray the expenses," and Mr. Raymond placed a note for a thousand dollars in the lap of his wife.

It was dinner time, and Elsie had had all the morning to reflect on her conduct at breakfast, and bitterly had the young wife reproached herself for the unkind words she had spoken. But her will was unsubdued still, and when the footsteps

of her husband rang through the hall, the old pride came back to her heart, the morning curl to her rosy lip, and she thought to herself, "Alden shall speak first."

And he did: and that generous deed of his overcame at once, all the pride and self-will of the really loving wife.

She sprang up quickly, and wound her white arms around her husband's neck, while tears of remorse and tenderness swept down her face. "Oh, Alden," she said, "forgive me, forgive me for the cruel words I said this morning. I have been so sorry for them. I do love you better than all the world beside, and I would not leave you for a thousand grandmothers. Say just once to me 'Elsie, I forgive you,' and I shall be so happy."

He drew her bright head to his bosom, and he rained down kisses on her sweet brow, as he said, "Elsie once, and forever I forgive you, but I have been very weak, and I have suffered much this morning. Let me lie my head in your lap, and see if I shall not feel better, while you talk to me."

And Elsie sat there a long time, running her little dimpled fingers through the thick brown curls of her husband, and laying her cool lips every few moments to his fevered forehead, chatting to him in her sweet humming-bird style, of her party, and what a delightful affair it would be; dreaming little of the darkness, and sin, and shame, that was drawing closer and closer to their threshold!

It was late morning after the party, and it had been the young wife had predicted, "a brilliant affair."

And now she walked through the elegant confusion of her parlors, and thought what glances of admiration had followed her during the evening, and how proud Alden would be when she recounted to him the compliments which the guests had bestowed upon their "beautiful hostess;" and how she had inadvertently heard Mayor Hamlin, who was pronounced the most artistic judge in the city, call her "the rare blossom of the festival." But these pleasant dreamings experienced a rude interruption.

"Two rough-looking men entered the parlor, and inquired if Mr. Raymond was in."

"No," answered his wife, surprised and startled. "He went to the store this morning."

One of them replied, with a significant look around the rooms, that he was not there, they had just come from his store. "I have not seen him since," was Mrs. Raymond's laconic rejoinder; and after conferring together a moment, the two men left the room.

The lady sank down upon a sofa, and covered her face with her hands. They were policemen, she could not disguise from herself this fact, and a vague, terrible fear took possession of her soul.

A few moments later, and her husband stood before her, wild, pale, haggard.

"Elsie," he asked hurriedly, "have there been two policemen here after me?"

"Yes, and I told them you were at the store. Oh, Alden—" she could not finish the sentence, for he rushed from her, out into the hall, and up the stairs like a madman.

Elsie's heart died within her, and it was only by grasping the cushions of the sofa, she prevented herself from sinking to the floor. She feared—she knew not what, but the next moment the woman's heart of Elsie Raymond awoke within her. Alden, her husband, was suffering, it might be he was in disgrace and shame, and who should stand by him, and where should he find comfort and strength, but in her?

She sprang up, and though her limbs shook like a reed beneath her, and her face would not be whiter when it lay under the coffin plaids, she went straight out into the hall, and up the long stairs to his room.

The door was not locked, and she opened it without knocking. What a scene for the blue eyes of Elsie Raymond! Her husband stood in the centre of the room, with a pistol pointed at his heart. One minute more, and she had been too late.

With one loud shriek she rushed to his side, with one blow of her small,

white hand, she struck the heavy pistol to the floor, and with a wild, sad cry springing from her pale lips, "Saved, saved, Alden," she wound her arms about him.

The desperate man put her away—"Saved," he cried, hoarsely, "saved to ruin, degradation, to worse than death. Leave me, Elsie, and let me do the deed now." But she came back to him, for she would not be put away. "No, no," she answered, and her pale face shone almost like an angel's, with its beautiful wife-tenderness, "did you think, Alden, your Elsie would leave you now, when your arms have sheltered her so long? Did you think she would not follow you through suffering and shame, true and loving to the end?"

"But not to prison, Elsie, not to prison!" His head dropping as he said it.

"Yes," she answered, drawing closer, and the light of her soul was shining in her eyes, "to prison, to the gallows, to death, Alden!"

And then he took her in his arms, and while his heart was wrung with deeper agony for her than for himself, he told her all.

And Elsie learned, for the first time, of the threatened collapse in her husband's business, and of the utter impossibility of his meeting the expenses of their late party without—he whispered the words—"he had forged a note for two thousand dollars!" He hoped to pay it, and so elude discovery, but matters grew worse, and he could not raise the money.

"And it was for me you did it, Alden; because I spoke those cruel words! Oh, God help me! I am to blame not you!" cried the heart-broken wife.

But before her husband could answer her, she had sprung from her seat, and a great hope dawned into her face. "Alden," she cried, "it was I that ruined it, it is I that will save you. I am going to that man whose name you forged, and I will beg, pray, anything, till he promises to spare you."

"Elsie," and her husband shook his head mournfully; "his heart is a hard one."

"No matter, I will find my way to it—I will not let him go till he has promised to save you. Pray God, Alden, while I am gone, pray Him without ceasing, to be with me!" She pressed one long, loving kiss upon his bowed forehead, and left him.

Mr. Holburn the millionaire, was slowly pacing up and down his long, narrow office, with his hands behind him, as was his custom.

He was a dark, stern-looking man, with deep wrinkles set in his forehead and thin face, and altogether, it was not one that a little child, or a heart yearning for comfort and sympathy, would have been drawn toward.

"Strange, strange," muttered the millionaire to himself, "that a young man of such family, occupying such a position on 'change, and in the best social circles, should have done this thing. What a sensation 'twill create! Gave that splendid party last night, too?"

Mr. Holburn's monologue was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a lady. She made her ingress unannounced, and putting her long veil aside, revealed a face hardly yet ripened into full womanhood, yet very touching in its pale, mournful loveliness.

"I am Mrs. Raymond," she said eagerly, "and you now know for what I have come. Oh, sir! will you not spare my husband?"

"Madame," said Mr. Holburn, partially recovering himself, "it is a very painful duty to refuse you, but Justice must have her course. The offence is so palpable."

But Elsie had sunk down at the man's feet, unable to stand. "O, sir," she cried, clasping her hands, while the tears rolled down her sweet face, "do not say that! If you ever had a mother who sang you to slumber in her arms, or a sister by whose side you knelt in prayer, or a wife whose head slumbered on your heart, by all that you have ever loved and cherished, have pity upon me, I pray you—have pity upon my husband, and spare us both from a life that will be worse than death!"

"There will come a day and an hour when you will be glad that you listened

to my prayer, and oh, as you hope for mercy at the judgment, show it to me now!"

And the man looked at her, as she knelt there in her mournful beauty at his feet, with her shining curls lying about her tearful face, and his heart was touched.

"I am sorry for you," he said, "but Madame, your husband has been greatly to blame."

"It was I. It was all my fault," eagerly interrupted Elsie. "I instigated him to the act by my extravagance. Do not accuse him, let the shame, as was the sin, be mine, but oh! you will not kill us, will you?"

The stern heart melted. Mr. Holburn raised the young wife gently, and whispered: "Mrs. Raymond, I will prosecute the thing no further. Your husband is safe."

A half hour later, Elsie burst into the room where sat her husband. "Look up, Alden," she cried, exultingly; "I have saved you!—I have saved you!"

But this sudden joy, after those hours of exquisite suffering, was too much even for the man's strong physical endurance, and as the glad words died on Elsie's lips, her husband dropped senseless to the floor.

A week had passed. It was a soft star-bright April evening, the closing of one of those days that come up, golden wanderers from the Tropics, and shake hands with the month's gloom, and chill and mist.

Alden Raymond sat in his large easy chair, in the pleasant room where we met him at breakfast, and Elsie sat on the chair arm. She looked very charming and very happy too, albeit there was a deeper, more subdued beauty in her whole face, but you would have loved it better than all the sparkle of the old times.

"And so Alden," said the little wife, running her fingers through her husband's hair, "grandma writes she will be with us next month, as soon as May brings the clover wind to her bed-room window. I am so glad, and now your business has turned out so favorably, we shall be very happy. I cannot thank God enough when I think of it!"

Alden drew his arms around the slender waist.

"Yes, darling, the worst is over now," he answered. "Our business is on a prosperous footing again; thank God, as you say! I have this afternoon paid Mr. Holburn all that debt. We should be very happy, if it were not for that one terrible memory, Elsie; his head dropped on her shoulder."

The wife put down her rosy lips to his ear, and whispered softly, "don't think about it, dear Alden. It was all my fault, not yours, you know, and what a lesson has it been to us both. We will never quarrel again."

And Elsie kept her word, and when her grandmother returned home from her happy visit she said to Daisy, with tears in her eyes:

"I have no fears for Elsie now; she is the best wife in the world, and she has the best husband too."

So Elsie Raymond's first quarrel with her husband was her last one.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

THE GREEN EYED MONSTER.—A newly married couple arrived in Boston recently, and took lodgings at one of the fashionable hotels, to pass away the propitious season! alas too brief! known as the honeymoon. Their happiness was the cause of envy among many, for not a cloud appeared to overshadow the passing hours, until a doctor was sent for in great haste, to relieve the lady of a dose of laudanum, which threatened to terminate her life. The skill of the doctor saved the wife; and, after the bride returned to consciousness she was asked what motive could have induced her to commit such a wicked act. She replied, "I saw a lady wink at my husband at the table, and I didn't want to live."—*Boston Gazette.*

The French Doctors have discovered that ice is safer and better to use in surgical operations than chloroform. By the application of pounded ice and salt to the deceased parts, thus causing numbness and insensibility, a Surgeon lately succeeded in removing a large tumor without giving the patient any pain, and occasioning very little loss of blood. The only inconvenience was that the doctor froze his fingers.

A Noble Woman.

"There's a noble creature," whispered a friend to us, pointing out a handsome woman, in the prime of life who stood conversing with an aged man.

"There is something majestic about her," was our reply.

"The majesty of goodness!" exclaimed our friend. "How low and soft her voice, and what a world of love in those dark eyes. And her lips! mark their fine but firm outline! I tell you she stands there a true woman; and though now splendor surrounds her, and wealth pours in upon her, she once renounced fashion, fame and riches, for a man who was glorious in his attributes, but poor in pocket. He had no splendor to offer her—nothing but a priceless heart. She was lively, witty, and very much accomplished. Her parents had bestowed upon her all they had, to give her a liberal education; yet she was never, because of their old fashioned, simple ways, and unpolished conversation, ashamed of them for in all that makes nature noble they excelled, and in spite of their bad grammar, she loved and was fond of them. I have seen girls—charming girls intellectually and physically—who never cared to know what made the eyes of the poor old mother dim, or what kept her so silent in their company, and I knew she was thus brought by the laziness, conceit, and contempt of these charming daughters—alas! But her old mother was no slave to her darling and beautiful child; for she sat down smiling in the cheerful sitting room, while the sweet voice of her daughter caroled from the neat, homely kitchen."

She married, and very soon came pressing bitter woe. Sickness blighted the strength of her husband; but she loved him, and loving what will not a true woman do? With her own hands she toiled, with her hopeful words encouraged, until the clouds parted, and the sun shone again.

Slander now joined hands with envy to aid in trampling on the brave heart, but in the end they made it much stronger. Like the little flower that sends forth rarest perfume when crushed, so that gentle heart loved and trusted more exceedingly. And when the malignant sisterhood hedged up the path of her husband, she had only to smile and the thorns bowed themselves, turning outward the down, that shrouded their stalk.

And they saw that with such a wife, that man could not be conquered or even for a moment cast down. So they ceased their machinations, and fortune smiled, and friends came with better times, and the true woman stood before the world a model wife and mother."

I gazed towards the subject of M.'s eulogy, and as I gazed I venerated. "How many such" thought I, "can our land boast of in this day and generation."

How to get Unmarried.

To help those uneasy men and women who wish to escape the noose of matrimony we copy the following from an English record of many years back:

"A certain lewd fellow of the baser sort came from a long way off into the shires, and married a woman who had been whipped round our town more than once. The parish officers were her bride-maids, and her husband was not afraid of receiving curtain-lectures, for their sole bed was of dirty straw on the dirty ground; nevertheless he wearied soon of his life, and went to the parish clerk, seeking to be rid of his crooked rib. Solomon was sly and replying to his inquiry if the person could unmarry them, said: 'Why need ye trouble his reverence? Have not I, man and boy been his clerk forty years come all-hallow-ide? I can do it as well as e're a parson of them all, and as sure as there is now a good tap of ale at the "Bell," let us go there—ye stand two pots, and I will do all right for you.' So after drinking out his fee, Solomon took the fellow into the church."

"Now," said he, "ye were married here; so put off your jacket and kneel at confession, for 'tis a solemn business. Then they went into the belfry, and bidding him take off his shoes, and stand on a stool, he gave him the longest bell-ropes. 'Tie that tightly, my lad, round your throat,' said Solomon, 'and as soon as I am gone, kick away the stool. I will return in about an hour, when you will be unmarried, and out of your trouble!'"